A TWILIGHT FANTASY. BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER. While twilight lingers, in the purple dusk I loiter down the smooth-shorn garden walk
Past fragrant beds of mignonette and musk
Where tiny buds grouped round a parent stalk
Seem prattling low their tender, household
talk.

And lo!-"Good night, sweet mother," sighs the "Good night!-good night!" the lily murmurs rear;
From flower to flower a lovely laughter flows
As in the moonlight, tremulous and clear,
The old fond greeting falls upon my ear.

I wring my hands with awful joy and woe And bend my face down to the nodding

flowers; These are the voices of the long ago Come back again, in nights warm, starry To the green beauty of these garden bowers.
"Good night!—good night!" the dewy blossom

And sob and laughter follow. faint and low;
The lilly buds that on my bosom lie
Like baby tress, in the star-beams glow
As the cool winds across them softly blow.

"Good night!-good night! sweet mother," sighs "Good night, good night," the clustered lilies er? From flower to flower the gay, glad greeting

flows,
And 'mid the bending blue bells, by the wall,
I hear light footsteps, as a fairy's fall.
Fair childlike forms come quickly up the lawn
And kiss my hands and cling about my knees;
I hear the voices of the loved and gone
Above the hushed hum of the birds and bees Singing the old, familiar melodies. An! thus they used to come in other days And wreathe my neck and toss my ruffled

And make the house ring with their wilful ways; With dancing steps they hung about my Making my heart glad with their tender care-

in death;-you know what wealth of joy In the lost laugh, the happy morning kiss. "Good night, good night!" the moonlit lilles

sigh,
And then a silence follows, dull and dark;
A dusky veil drops down across the sky;
The wind is up amid the trees; and hark! I hear the house dogs in their kennels bark. Perchance my darlings have come back again: From some unknown and strange near land

who knows,
They, feeling all my weary weight of pain,
Have homeward stole?—"0, mother!" the rose, "Good night!-good night" and thus the vision

CURRENT COMMENT.

Poor Carlotta lives in constant fear of being poisoned. The widow and children of Field Marshal Gablentz have been granted a pension of

\$3,000 by the emperor of Austria. Give the girls a chance. If men will not bind themselves to take care of them, they should at least see to it that they can take care of themselves.

Mrs. L. J. Jennings (Miss Henriques) wife of the editor of the Times, is about to appear in theatricals for the benefit of the

There is an immense dissatisfaction in the not the attitude of a vigorous and efficient party.-Harper's Weekly.

the English house of commons, has been transferred from Mr. Jacob Bright, the late radical member for Manchester, to Mr. Forsyth, the conservative member for Maryle-

Let the grave cover all that was inimical ceased senator, and let us only remember that he would have put away from the federal archives all show and sign of the triumph of countrymen over countrymen.-New Or- and they will continue to steal away until

A bill reported favorably to the Pennsylvania Senate, aiding the enforcement of the marriage laws, empowers clergymen and others having authority to join persons in wedlock, to swear the parties and witnesses in order to ascertain whether the parties are been watching it for three years now, and if only

Bradlaugh is again stumping England and is drawing larger audiences than ever. His speeche-, however, as formerly, are not re-ported in the newspapers. His speeches seem to be of a kind that report themselves. He is said to be enthusiastic in his praises of

Excommunicate Butler and Butlerism As well might the Romish church excommunicate the pope and the college of cardinals. Haven't the Massachusetts people been trying to excommunicate them? Everybody knows that. If there is any excommunicating to be done, Butler is the pontiff who does it .- Chicago Times.

Mrs. Livermore tells of a genius she met among the hills of New Hampshire. He they haven't increased in numbers, they certainly ranks as the American Worth, She says he was the chairman of the lecture committee and she, staying at his house, with the habit of looking into things, found her way into the work-room of his millinery way into the work-room of his millinery establishment. There were dozens of bonnets so tastefully trimmed that her eyes, eduacted by the ethics of Boston, at once recognized the touch of an artist. There, too, were dresses in every stage of completion, delightfully planned. Asking who trim-med the bonnets, the work-girls told her, the master of the shop. Who designed the dresses? The same man who selected every yard of trimming and attended to the finishing of every dress that was sent out. His fame was wide in the hill-country, and the Dartmouth college ladies thought they couldn't wear a bonnet unless it came through his hands. He sketched in crayon, and painted in water-colors. His house was full of delightful trifles—the work of a man who had earned his own living since he was eight years old.

The Alliance, in referring to the present agitation in the minds of the people upon pursuing civilized avocations in the valleys many moral and religious subjects, says that of the Platte, Cherry and Laramie. These never was there so little disguise or hypoc- murderers were whites or half breeds, not risy as now, and never was the world in so Indians, the latter belong in another roster. fair a way to reach a just estimate of men and things as they really are at this time. Before a free press, and a free pulpit, and a free and enlightened public sentiment, one sham after another shall be torn off, and sight and reach a property and shape burned up all the cottonwood and box bare burned up all the cottonwood and box burned up all the cottonwood and box sight and wrong in church and society and state be laid bare, and truth and error stand forth undisguissed. Nothing shall escaped the school, the state, the rights of woman account of the smoke), the agency will the pulpit, the press, the home, the school, the state, the rights of woman dearting and capital,—are all to pass in review to shaping for the future. Nothing of truth and earts and subject to seek forgefulness in roger der of things. Mountains shall be leveled upon the same of shaping for the future. Nothing of truth of subject to seek forgefulness in roger der of things. Mountains shall be leveled to seek forgefulness and and right becomes easier to all minds and hearts.

The Springfield Republican propounds this confundrum anent the Connecticut election:

**Notice of the same of the control of the smoke, the agency with Jules and the second of the smoke, the agency with the second of the smoke of the session recovered sufficiently to finish the claim and the state of the principal state to find a pass in review of the resons for moving the agency to this point was on account of all the wood having a laremorn of the subject to seek forgefulness in roger and capital,—are all to pass in review that was on account of all the wood having a laremorn of the subject to seek forgefulness in roger and the subject to seek forgefulness right and wrong in church and society and state be laid bare, and truth and error stand elder near (they cannot burn cedar or pine

In fine, is there any other method known to politics by which a party in power that is going wrong can be convinced of its peril, arrested, brought back to the right way, than by its best members allowing it to be beaten, and helping to beat it, at the state elections? The average politician cares little for platforms; he cares a great deal for success. He may not read newspaper criticisms very carefully; he reads the election tion returns. The loss of a state is something he can understand; it comes home to him, and sets him thinking. He heeds that species of rebuke, and does not seem to heed any other. As rational men, understanding the law of cause and effect and the relation between means and end, can you justify yourselves to your own consciences, reforming republicans, if you throw away this chance to administer the only rebuke which affords the faintest hope of good results, to utter one warning that will be understood, if not heeded, to do the republican party the one service which events have left in their pow-

WITH THE SIOUX.

SOLDIER'S LETTER FROM THE INDIAN EX-PEDITION-A STRIKING EXPERIENCE. Major Steele, who is stationed in this city, among other interesting correspondence from his soldier comrades in the west, has received the following:

HEADQUARTERS SIOUX EXPEDITION, RED CLOUD AGENCY, Da., March 16, 1874. We organized at Fort Laramie two columns of troops, one of cavalry, consisting of two companies of the third And if I dream again that they have come
You will not blame me, mothers, reading this;
You know how sweet the voice is that is dumb
of Colonel Baker, of the second, he who cleaned out the Piegans; the other column, -which consisted of F company 14th, two companies of the 13th, and four of the eighth, all under command of Colonel Lageth, of the Thirteenth. The cavalry column crossed the Platte river, and invaded the Sioux soil on the morning of the second inst., the infantry column followed our trail next day, bringing forward the supply trains. We marched by way of the old Fort Pierre road, crossed the Niohara and Raw Hide and struck the head waters of White river in the mountains, about thirty miles southwest from here, and followed the White river to the point where we are now temporarily located. Our march from the Platte river to the White river was across a rolling country well covered with dry grass, but no wood, save at the Raw Hide, twenty miles from the Platte, our first camp. Down the White river to this point the valley is well wooded wood in the immediate valley of the stream, and an abundance of cedar and pine in the adjacent canons. The scenery is wild and grand, precipitous rocks rising upon either hand to a height of several hundred feet in some instances. The valley is Mr. Summer died comparatively poor.

Public money never stuck to his fingers.

About all he had were his books, his, picand a dwelling which was given to him.

Even so. She grew weaker and weaker, and the summits crowned with snow, or face no more gladdens the heart of man. But it by the time her story was finished the last petal cloud-capped. We met with no opposition or face no more gladdens the heart of man. But it by the time her story was finished the last petal cloud-capped. We met with no opposition or face no more gladdens the heart of man. But it by the time her story was finished the last petal cloud-capped off, "the daisy was gone," and we incident of interest, though the Indians and a dwelling which was given to him.

Even so. She grew weaker and weaker, and though the last petal cloud-capped off, "the daisy was gone," and we incident of interest, though the Indians it, and another evidence of the adage, watched us throughout our line of march, "Earth's beauties must perish." I had been in Miss Nellie has received the most cordial letters from the parents of Mr. Sartoris, and it is evident that a very warm welcome awaits her in hew new home. Mr. S. owns a farm in Wis onsin.

Watched us throughout our line of march. March, and the bridge we built after we had passed. Arrived here we established a camp, consisting of four companies of intantry and one of cavalry, and the next day moved with the remainder of the command to Spotted Tail's agency, 42 miles below this point, on There is an immense dissatisfaction in the There is an immense dissatisfaction in the Mister year. Left four companies of the White river. Left four companies of the White river. Left four companies of the Sisters, sleeping a little way under the earth in the March. They beautise must perish. I had been in the for the with sorrow as deep and crael are twelf in the heart on hearing myself as reverle, and awoke from it on hearing myself as reverle, and all the first is a finite in the heart on bear. They mount is a finite in the heart on hear republican camp, and its best men are wondering whether retorm is hopeless within the
organization. This it must be confessed is organization. This, it must be confessed, is on the second day. Upon our approach, the we bloomed year after year. northern, and in fact all, the Indians capable of doing any harm, left both agen-The charge of the women's suffrage bill in cies, and they are now scattered through the cies, and they are now scattered through the country north and west of us, and we expect soon to hear from them back in the Laramie warm sun and rain. I grew ambitious, and loveliness, for He who created the flowers and and Chug valley. There is no doubt but the greater portion of the Sioux nation is bent even among them a great deal of discontent to southern ideas and sentiments in the detents in the night time, and

SILENTLY STEAL AWAY," congress awakens to a true realization of the situation and authorize the army to move had not tried to understand, the fact of its being a gigantic fraud upon the people and the Indian alike, would have been forced upon my conviction. None ever regard it in any other light, except the Indian ring, consisting of agents, contractors, trad-ers and the church people who have been beguiled into the belief that they are assisting in the civilization of the Indian -whereas, the fact is patent to all, that these good people are only being used as the cat's paw to help the plunderer pull out the chestnuts. If any one doubts that the Indians are increasing under the present beneficent management, they can be consoled by the fact that the same Indians who were drawing rations two years ago for a given numher of lodges, are now, or have been, drawing for two and three times the number. It have certainly done so in their capacity to consume rations of coffee, beef, bacon, sugar, tobacco, etc., and in the meandevils with rations as above, or to enrich the contractors and dishonest agents. Within a hundred yards of where I am writing, the Indians are assembling to the sound of the tom-tom, to entertain a delegation of reveread gentlemen who arrived here as a commission yesterday. When the war dance is over, of course, they will have the usual feast and away goes the bacon, &c. There over, of course, they will have the usual feast and away goes the bacon, &c. There is a mitraleuse standing a few yards off, and I honestly believe that it would be doing our country and God a service to turn it loose on the howling, yelling red devils. To give you an idea as to the influences which have been at work here to improve the MORAL CONDITION OF THESE PEOPLE.

stream. How often did we wish ourselves at home during that long winter night.

Early in the spring we peeped up and watched the other flowers as each in succession braved the early hardships. We bloomed near a family of blue and yellow violets. They were such kind and pleasant neighbors, always nodding and bowing their sweet little heads to us, as if trying to impress upon us their "asting friend-ship and faithfulness" to those they love. One little white violet, in the midst of the others, "modest and beautiful." illently and cheerfully.

It seems to have been a place of refuge for outlaws, among other things. Upon our approach, no less than five murderers fled to other parts, murderers of whites living and One of these, I understand, was em-

"OLD TIMES." There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air.
That drifts through the valley of dreems;
It came from a clime where the roses were,
And a hopeful heart and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown, And snow-white foreheads are there; Aglimmering Cross and a glittering Crown, A thorny bed and a couch of down, Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,

Sweet wafts from the quivering pines Bine violets' eyes beneath green hoods, bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds, Bird-warbles and clambering vines. A resy wreath and a dimp'ed hand, A ring and a slighted vow— Three griden links of a broken band

A tiny track on the snow-white sand,

A tear and a sinless brow. There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful sor That sobs on the slumbrous air, And loneliness feit in the festive throng, Binks down on the soul as it trembles along

We heard it first at the dawn of day, SANd it mingled with matin chimes, But years have distanced the beautiful lay, And its melody floweth from far away, And we call it, now, Old Times.

THROUGH LIFE,

(Chamber's Journal.) We slight the glfts that every season bears, And let them fall unneeded from our grasp, In our great eagerness to reach and clasp The promised treasure of the coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed away And, in the shadow of our grief shut in, Refuse the lesser good we yet might win, The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass, And leave them, one by one, and never stay Not knowing how much pleasantness there was In each, until the closing of the door Has sounded through the house, and away, And in our hearts we sigh, "Forevermore."

A few weeks ago the death of Miss Annie Tor bet, the young and beautiful daughter of Mrs Henry N. Wales, formerly of this place but now of Newburgh, was announced. She died at Huntsville, Alabama, at the residence of her grand-father General James P. Drake, where she had gone in the vain hope of recovering her healtn. She was so loved by her school mates, and all who were acquainted with her that the following beautiful narrative of "The Life of a Daisy," found among her school papers and one of the last of her school day tasks, will to them river to this point the valley is well wooded have a peculiar interest as being so characteristic of her heart and mind. Viewed in the light of her then almost departed spirit, the tone of sadness which pervades this pretty story of the modest flower, almost forces the conviction that she was writing her own sad history:

dred feet in some instances. The valley is which there was a boquet or flowers. Overhang-filled with the rich green of the pine and cedar ing the edge of the glass was a little daisy, faded

eighth infantry and Meinhold's company of sisters, sleeping a little way under the earth in

stand the cold winds, our good tree would warm us by gentle murmers which would gradually

wished'il could travel, and finally prevaited and Chug valley. There is no doubt but the greater portion of the Sioux nation is bent upon war this season. There are no Indians now near these agencies but the loafers, and even among them a great deal of discontent daises who had been killed when they ventured near paths frequented by man, and she hersel narrowly escaped, and would have been killed if the tree had not sent a leaf to protect her. But we would not profit by her experience. Alas! we have paid dearly for our rashness. One bright autumn day, after bidding the tree and our weeping sister good bye, we left our na-tive woodland and started on our travels. Our eaftle's had fallen off, and in our plain round travelling habis we were carried gently a by the wind; our journey for awhile so thoroughly disgusted with anything as I beaufual variegated leaves. Before this we am with the present Indian policy. I have hardly ever saw the flasking maple s dress, but only the modest leaves of our beech, unless, as it sometimes happens a neighboring oak's leaf blew near that had often heard of children from our sister. Though we had never seen them, we had often enjoyed their laughter ringing through the woods like silver chimes, which now lent an indiscribable charm to beautiful natural scenery, and enlivened our hearts which were inclined to be sad from leaving loved ones we were never to see again. Some children gathered nuts; others flowers-all joyous and happy, reminding us, as they fluttered here and there, of butterflies, so bright and beautiful did they seem. My later experience shows me even more forcibly this likeness. I have seen these with life, in another they are faded or vanished.
When we saw them pulling the unsuspecting flowers, to a second, fearing we might share the same fate, we were frightened; but our fear soon passed away when we remembered our unconpicous attire of plain brown, which is called a flower seed by man. Once in passing a stream the wind luiled, and my sister, whom I will hereafter call Sister Snow-white, came very near falling in and thus carried away from me, but happily we were able to grasp the protru-ding banks, where we stayed until the wind arose, when we followed the stream through its windings. This was the most pleasant part of our journey. Before emerging from the lorest thicket, rocks and steep declivities interfered with the course of the little brook, but it rushed bravely over them and fell a great way below into a natural stone basin at the foot of the falls, where it quietly pursued its way till it reached the meadows. By this time the season had so far advanced and the weather being a little cool, sister Snow-white and myself thought we had better sleep under the earth till spring. We chose for our winter abode the rich soil of an old stump near the banks of the stream. How often did we wish ourselves at

performing its little acts of kindness, seemed a model of " modest virtue." But my sister! my pride and joy were at their hight, seeing her grow so "beautifully fair." As she gracefully bent over the bank to watch the fish in the bent over the bank to watch the fish in the clear stream, or hold converse with the water-lilies, or turn the wind to send messages to the flowers further off in the meadow, I saw, the c n-sistency of making the language of so beautiful a child as the "unconscious beauty. But one day my dreams of bappiness in this valley were ended. Oh! if Snow-white had not been so beautiful those thoughtiess children would not have pulled her. But she was, and what gave me most pleasure was siterwards the cause of me most pleasure was stterwards the cause of my sorrow. I was left alone and sad. Nothing now could give me pleasure, though my flower-ing friends did all they could to cheer and con-

Here the little daisy was so over come by past remembrances that she had to discontinue her story for a minute or so, to give vent to her teats. She soon recovered sufficiently to finish Fifty years ago rit

ever, when the rememberance of my loss burst afresh upon my memory All the flowers looke is a welcomely upon me, the birds chanted such lays, and above all, the scenery was so beautiful that I quite forgot I was living, when admiring it. Below me the cliff formed a cave, from which issued a large spring with fresh water so clear that the flowers on the edge loved to look at the mealway in this natural mirror. to look at themselves in this natural mirror. Though we, who lived on the cliff, could not see in the cavern, these flowers, from their position, told the news to those nearest them, and they, to their neighbors, so that nothing happened in the cave that we did not know of.

When we heard of it, the favorite answer was, the most loid the favorite answer was,

the moss told the fern, the favorite answer was, the moss told the fern, the fern the anemone, the anemone told liverwort, the liverwort the "boys and girls," who with the help of Jack in the pulpit, spread it rapidly among the violets, the lillies, the roses and the mountain-bell libergian in front of the same patch of Directly in front of the cave, was a patch of dense woodland where prowled wild beasts, that had their dens in the cave. This seemed to be a favorite hunting ground, and it was so interesting, though sometimes fea ful, to watch the hunters fierce encounter with the angry

One dark night we were terrified by the cries of a man, who we afterwards found was murof a man, who we afterwards found was mur-dered there, and his body thrown in the cave. Soon after this, we learned this forest was the abode of robbers, which horrified us so we thought seriously of leaving the place forever, but after a while we ceased seeing the lurking men carrying their stolen treasures into the cave, and so concluded to remain. We did not bloom in this place (which seemed so much bloom in this place (which seemed so much like a paradise,) entirely unmolested; for, from a village back of the mountain, children wan-dered after us.—Dreadful was the havoc, as one a ter another of our companions' bloom was severed from the root, and their withering corpses grasped tightly in the heated hands of their heartless destroyers. Often were these delicate flowers the victims of horses or cows, who mercilessly nipped them, and then disdainfully cast them on the ground, after cruelly wounding and eventually killing them. I was finally dug up, by a little giri, and carried to a neat little garden, where I was treated with care. Her name was Lotta. Here I had to make new ac quantances. It took a long time, as I was timid, because the flowers in the garden were cultivated and I was not. Though nothing, in my opinion, could exceed the modest excellence of the children of the wood, nevertheless there were many flowers in this garden with sublime and lofty sentiment, induced by hard study One day a handsome rose geranium startled me ACURIOUS :FANCY.

THE LIFE OF A DAISY—LIFE IN A FLOWER.

The following curious fancy was written
by a young girl whose relatives are well
known in this city—the daughter of Oliver
Talbot and the grand-daughter of James P.
Drake. It is thus introduced in the Cannelton Reporter:

A few weeks are the death of Miss Apple Tor-

mates of the cottage, the father of the little girl who took care of me had been murdered, and from other things I heard he was the man thrown into the cave under the mounts in cliff. A gentleman passing one day, noticed the flowers in the yard, and asked my name. They told him I was a wild daisy, that had changed in appearance since they had taken care of me in the garden. That my leaves had grown larger and richer green, that my flowers had doubted and were of a richer hue. After some hesitation on the part of my guardian, I was sold to the man was withered. She then put me in this vase, with these flowers, where I will soon die."

Even so. She grew weaker and weaker, and cept in that land to which she has been trans ble flowers betekening the gorgeous day, but ter of which, alas, has been darkened by thick clouds gan. and tempestuous storms. Yet another morning shall come, and another day arise over the grave where our Daisy is planted, in which no gave them the hues of beauty for our admiration and love, has taken her to Himself, and un-der the shadow of His hand our Daisy has found protection and the bloom of immortal life.

WOMEN'S FAVORITE D UNKS.

Milk punch, of half a tablespoonful of sugar and two of water, a wine glass of Cognac and half as much Santa Cruz rum, halt a tumbler full of shaved ice, the glass filled up with milk, well mixed, and floating a

Roman punch, a nectarous liquid, made of a tablespoonful of sugar, and one of raspberry syrup; a teaspoonful of Curacoa, a wine glassful of Jamaica rum, half as much brandy and the juice of half a lemon; the glass fille t up with shaved ice; the compound thoroughly blended, a dash of port wine, a finish of floating fruits, and im-

bibed through a straw. A large and attentive audience of ladies lately assembled at Association hall, New York, to listen to the first of a series of lecsponce to a call from a number of the leading ladies of this city. The first lecture was ing Organs; How to Strengthen the Lungs Bronchial Tubes," The lecture beautifully illustrated and explained by the aid of a stereopticon with highly finished colored views.

Mrs. Lyman alluded to the different states of the blood, the different colors and thickness of the millions of little glands that pick up what is impure, and how taken off; how cancers are formed from the diseased blood and how the brain is affected when the blood is impure. The lecturer went on to say that nine-tenths of the suicides were committed from poisonous blood, which affected the brain, for bad blood can never reason. Crime, she said, would never cease until the capitalist would build small houses for the poor. Pent up air gives bad blood. Men, the speaker said, were more healthy than women, because they dressed warmer, wore their clothes close to their bodies, the weight hanging from their shoulders, while women suspended theirs from their hips. After a few remarks upon the coming lecture of to- exhaled from the Indianapolis Sentinel office day, "Digestion," the audience dispersed, evidently highly delighted.

GIFF GEMS-In Germany each precious stone is invested with a symbolical meaning and every month of the year is said to be under the influence of one of these stones. We furnish our readers with a list:

Fidelity to promise Control of the passion January, Garnet rebruary, Amethyst, Bloods one Courage and discretion. Repentance; also Innocence. April, Sapphire, Emerald. long life and health. Oblivion and grief. Conjugal felicity. Sardonyx,

Sept'unber, Chrysolite, Oct'ber, Aqua Marin Preservation from folly. Misforture; also Aqua Marine

DEAD DAYS. GUY BOSLIN. I cannot let lost life with lost years go— I must look back to what I used to know, I must remember that my double life Of happiness is now a single strife,

And that you sleep

All through the longest days of summer glow,
And through the longest nights of winter snow

Love played with us in childhood, and it cam Along with us in after days the same With joy and rest; The pleasant months grew into changing years And changing pleasures chided little fears From our sweet nest; must remember that my whole life grew In fairer, purer ways, because of you.

I cannot help my heart, my tears must flow.

And though the sun is on me, I must know

A day that died;

The frightened clock ran down — oh, bitter spite!— From twelve at noon to twelve o'clock at night; I live in body but my heart is dead,

Like a dry leaf upon a spider's thread. My Dorothy, the days shall dawn again. And purity shall come because of pain—
The hours shall rise:
Old tears shall be prophetic of the true,
And clouds of white shall float beneath the blue Shall open on me for our long love's sake, And under your sweet gaze I shall awake.

AFTER SORROW. WADSWORTH.

It is not now as it hath been of yore; Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day, The things which I have seen I now can see n

more;-The rainbow comes and goes, And lovely is the rose; The moon doth with delight ok round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night Are beautiful and fair; The sunshine is a giorious birth; But yet I know where'er I go, That there hath passed away a glory from the

BITTER SWEET. PRESS COMMENTS.

FROM GRAVE 10 GAY, FROM LIVELY TO SEVERE.

A DEAD SECRET.

From the Franklin Democrat;-Whose organ is it? This question presents itself to every reader of a newspaper now published at our state capital, under the cognomen of The Indianapolis Sentinel. That it is not the organ of the democracy of Indiana, is a fact demonstrated daily in the editorials of that paper. Its sympathies are elsewhere than with democrats. In the recent campaign in our sister state of Ohio, when politicians of all sections of the country were eagerly watching the progress of the politiwho gave me to the young lady who lives in this house. She had no more feeling than to pluck me to adorn her hair. In a little while I modest flower, almost forces the conviction that she was writing her own sad history:

THE LIFE OF A DAISY.

Late in the spring I was sitting near a table on which there was a boquet or flowers. Overhanging the edge of the glass was a little daisy, faded and on the way of death where its little daisy, faded and on the way of death where its little daisy, faded and on the way of death where its little daisy, faded and on the way of death where its little daisy and on the way of death where its little daisy and on the way of death where its little daisy faded and on the way of death where its little daisy faded and on the way of death where its little daisy faded and on the way of death where its little daisy faded and comfort. In stead of lending a helping hand to mete out justice to the index grabber, Noves, its columns. Thurman and other gallant leaders in that state were used to shield him from the just indigna-tion o' a people sick and tired of official corruppaper, its present tone must be changed, else it will either terminate its existence in bankruptcy, or find its sustenance at the breast of radical republicanism. Its editorials may be demor which pervades them is only the more perni cious, be ause of the fascinating robes in which the coming presidential to go to battle recognizing a paper of the charac ter of the Sentinel as now conducted, as its or gan. It would be as well, or better perhaps, to depend on the dubious generosity of the radica journals by way of coutributions to their columns as a means of disseminating the principles of the Gemocracy, than to support and counts nance, as an organ of the party, a paper professedly democratic, but tircless in its exertions to bring prominent democratic men and measures into disrepute. Versatility of talent, untiring industry, youthful vivacity, and a smattering knowledge of all things that wag in the world, are proper things in their places, but if uncontroled by principles, their usefulness is not worthy of note.

A SCREAM FROM THE EAGLE. From the Paoli Eagle:-The Indianapolis State Sentinel cannot see any advantage that the democratic party has gained in the recent elections-it persists in attributing the defeat of the republicans to the action of the liberal republi-

cans, entirely. According to the Sentinel, there Hot milk punch, the same with the omis- is no democratic party-the democracy have sion of ice, and the substitution of bot milk been merged into the Greeley party. Yet, the Sentinel to be considered the democratic state organ, and is doing all it can to break up the democratic organization in Indiana. It seems very strange to us, that the Sentinel composed

of democrats, would permit a fledgling from the Tribune office to control the columns of the De-mocratic state organ. Such a course cannot and will not be tolerated by the democracy of Indiana. The sooner the Sentinel company un-derstands this matter, the better it will be for

From the Brookville American:-The Indianapolis Sentinel is in bad odor with the Demo cratic press of Indiana, all for the reason that it tures upon physiology and hygeine by Mrs is not a cringing, sycophantic 'organ' and wil-Walter C. Lyman. The lectures were in reagement of the party machinery. Since the 'ri-sing up' of old Bill Allen in Ohio, the democracy all over the country have dropped their pre-tended liberalism and donned their old garb of ourbonism, and in the belief that their party is about to be restored to its old prestige and pow-er, are engaged in the work of 'whipping in' such men and papers as do not go the 'straight ticket.' We notice the Democrat joins the list of howlers for an 'organ' at the s. ate capital."

> Fort Wayne Gazette:-A "Libel epidemic eems to rage among the newspapers. The New York Tribune has two or three large ones on its hands; the Springfield Republican has just been sued for \$200,000. Each of the first class Chicago papers has a suit of respectable proportions to fight. And now comes the Indianapolis Sentinel, which is sued by one Dr. Cole, for \$20-1000. In these days of independent, inteligent, fearless, effective journalism, it is a pretty good sign that a paper does not amount to much that hasn't some characterless cuss hammering at it

> > A FRIEND IN NEED.

From the Anderson Herald-The odors are very obnoxious to the olfactories of the democratic press, judging from the general tone of those papers. The Sentinel's posi-tion of "nobody's organ" is a very unwise and precarious one, and if the democratic party don't establish an organ at the metropolis in time for service in the next campaign, it will go into the contest without being fully armed and A MAN OF ANOTHER MIND

From the KokomoTribune:-A lengthy abstract from the annual report of Honorable J. A. Wildman, Auditor of state, will be found on our first page. It ought to be very interesting read ing for every citizen of the state. We also cal the particular attention of his old friends in this county to a notice of Mr. Wildman from the Indianapolis Sen inel, which we print on the fourth page. It must be very gratifying to him to read such a notice in a paper that was op-

and pulling out what don't belong to it. In all of which it is aided by a ring of which it is said to be the organ.

MORE TWEEDISM. From the Valparaso Messenger: The Indian polis Sentinel has been the means of unearthing a little rottenness in the Indianapolis municipal government. More Tweedism.

Mr. Forsyth has propared for the use of the House committee on territories a colored map of the country showing the amount of church and school property in the United States exempt from taxation. The amount of such property in the city of Washington alone is valued at \$2,363,143, the school properry at \$85,747 and miscellaneous, \$739,766. The valuation of untaxed government property is not stated, but it will reach many millions.

The forthcoming annual report of the New York chamber of commerce will show that the increase in the foreign commerce of the port of New York for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, was \$139 225 849, while for 1873 it was only \$54,332,768. The increase at all other United States ports during the same period rose from \$1,459,520 to \$74,238,220.

George H. Everett, for many years connected with the Western Union telegraph company, in Cincinnati, died Thursday of consumption. He was known to telegraphers as being one of the finest operators in the country.

Joe Arch, the English labor reformer, is coming to America again in June. Although a plain man he has ordinary ways of saying things which the English don't like.

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